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Field Full of Folk

MAY IS THE SINGING SEASON, since immemorial centuries, of birds, lovers and poets, a forward-looking, a creative time. May Day is a festival dedicated no longer to dancing on the green but to thoughts of revolution, to the desire of men to move forward into a life that looks to them better than their present condition. Men thus discontented are, at least, men alive.

The English have a strange love of dreams, sometimes a grand talent for visions, concerning the better country for which they long. Behind William Morris' picture of the plain man's struggle for a new order in *A Dream of John Bull* and of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to a country better still, lies William Langland's tremendous *Vision of Piers Plowman* in the mid-fourteenth century. "On a May morning on Malvern hills", he begins, "a marvel befell me". Falling asleep "beside a merry-sounding burn" he saw in a vision "a fair Field full of Folk" and moving among them, now in labourer's dress, now doing battle in yeoman's armour, Piers Plowman, a Divine ordinary man, "the people's Christ". Even so did the novelist Turgenev stand among Russian peasants in a crowded village church and, glancing at his neighbour, find Christ, a peasant, beside him.

"What sort of Christ is this?" I thought. "Such an ordinary, ordinary man. It cannot be . . ." Suddenly I came to myself. Only then I realised that such a face is the face of Christ—a face like all men's faces."

Toc H too often laments the slowness with which men rally to its cause. We need but to go out into "the fair Field full of Folk", certain of finding there men as ordinary as ourselves in whose faces is the image of the Christ we seek to serve.

Lunch Hour

DISTANCE which keeps us from lunching at home is one of the drawbacks in a big city like London, though it may well have compensations for our wives. A sandwich on the office desk is the godfather of dyspepsia, and a meal in a restaurant is too often "one crowded hour of (in)glorious life". My own solution, quickest and cheapest, is a human filling-station run by the London County Council. The queue starts in the street, whatever the weather, but moves at a steady pace up the stairs. A smiling lady in a glass box flips three tickets, green and brown and grey, at you by pressing a button, and you march past a long line of her colleagues who slap the gravy, the mashed potato and the chopped cabbage on your plate of fried fish or cottage pie. There is a handsome cut of tawny suet pudding to follow and a large mug of what the English believe to be coffee. All the food is well cooked and really hot; all the service is cheerfully given. What more can a reasonable man ask for one-and-sixpence?

Hungry Londoners

The company is a rich epitome of London life. For the meat course your *vis-à-vis* may be a suburban lady shopping or a girl from the office next door; when you have fetched your pudding these may already have given place to a man wearing a dog-collar or a choker. Each of these will manage knife and fork with the subtle differences which are as good an index as any to class distinction in England. Some will eat stolidly and leave in ten minutes, others will linger a little over *Lilliput*, *Wuthering Heights*, a textbook on motor cycles or a crossword. So you sit awhile, in lively conversation with your friends but with seldom a word to a stranger, looking out of tall windows on the green surrounding a blitzed church and the scarlet buses roaring by. You sit six to a lino-

topped table on folding chairs, and there are forty-four tables in this great airy hall, once the ball room of a hotel. Linger-ing long is not popular, for there must be incessant coming and going to feed the hungry Londoner between the hours of noon and two.

This 'British Restaurant' is wonderfully efficient. What it lacks—and perhaps cannot help lacking, is the touch of imagination which belongs to *craftsmanship*. For the two years I have known the place the tawny suet roll has been the staple sweet every single weekday, varied about once a month with a sauce of imitation lemon in place of custard. And there is never any second vegetable except the pale chopped cabbage, flavoured with water, which I have come to think ought to be, in place of the rose, the national flower of Old England. You may spend another shilling on your lunch near our office and fare less well, another two shillings and be little better off. No wonder the polite Continental says so often "You are a wonderful people, but as cooks—ah, no!" Cookery in Britain is seldom a craft as it is any-where across the Channel. By and large, we eat just well enough but are the worst cooks in Europe.

A Long Short Cut

Yielding my folding chair to the next comer and piling the dirty crocks on a table near the exit, I take a short cut—which, like many such, occupies more time, on the way back to work. This leads me through the labyrinth of departments in a large and famous shop. It is always pleasant to handle goods marked at seven guineas, even if one only buys a packet of spills for threepence. And it is good for the soul to see how austerity is yielding inch by inch and week by week to the kind of things one has not seen on sale for ten years. I say 'the kind of things', for most of them, when you look twice, are not the same as they were pre-war. Some are much better—the electric kettles, the labour-saving kitchen sinks of gleaming chromium and plastic, the ingenious gadgets not intended, like our old-fashioned tools, to last a life-time but, American fashion, to be used hard for six months and thrown away. These things are a new boon—if

you can afford them, which I can't. But so many of the old-type things will not bear the scrutiny we used to give them.

Zig-Zag Cruise

Today, on my zig-zag cruise through the departments between the front entrance and the back, I took a passing note of woodwork on sale. Here was a pile of cigarette boxes (but which of us buys cigarettes a hundred at a time nowadays and leaves them lying open on the table?). There was not one that I picked up in which the morticed corners fitted properly; many of the lids would not shut tight, either because they were warped or because the workman had not troubled to drive the screws of the flimsy hinges home. Next I looked once at a little walnut Queen Anne table—reproduction, of course, but how charming! I looked twice, running a finger round the neat edge of its veneer or three-ply top—a serviceable job. And then I looked thrice—underneath this time. The frame and under-parts were deal, with the glue oozed from the imperfect joints and they hadn't even bothered to stain anything that didn't show from above, though some brown smears had splashed over here or there. The price was more than half that of a vast Victorian glass-fronted bookcase I sunk some savings in the other day—most solid mahogany, painstaking in every detail, its parts, whether seen or hidden, fitting together closely with a beautiful ease which still has power to warm the heart of any craftsman. Next I looked round for a lady's workbox which I remembered seeing some weeks ago. It was gone—and I cannot congratulate the purchaser. Take to pieces a seed tray from your garden, reassemble it and tack the edges together with 1-inch nails, add a lid, held open with a bit of brass chain, and with some plastic roses glued on the top; paint the whole an excruciating pink, with a lick of gold, and someone will pay 45/- for it to put her cotton-reels in. That is no travesty, and the salesman—an elderly man touched, like myself maybe, with Victorian inhibitions—saw my face fall and murmured, "Yes, sir, in the old days we wouldn't have had it inside the door." These are the things which *'look'* like but

which *aren't*—the things, in almost every line of goods for common use or ornament, promoted in these latter days from the souvenir shops at the seaside to the most reputable stores in London.

But let us be fair about all this. The blame is not to be imputed to the big shops; it belongs, if anywhere, to us their customers. But is it even reasonable to blame us? The woodwork I touched upon today—the cigarette boxes, Queen Annish table, pink work-box—are but attempts to ease 'austerity', to break the sameness of 'utility'. They are not essentials, as utility furniture has so long been an essential to the bombed-out or the newly-married—utility furniture which is so excellently designed and often, though not always, so honestly made, and yet, by thousand-fold repetition of a good thing, so wearisome to the eye and the soul! We know that "until 1952" (and for how long after that?) we must deny ourselves in order to pay our debts, to export the best and put up for our own use with the rest to balance the budget. We have grown accustomed to going shabby, to patching our clothes, conserving soap, eating shoddily, using gimcrack furniture. Secretly—and maybe this goes hand in hand with the British form of humour, the love of self-disparagement, of understatement—we rather enjoy the sympathy of our American friends over our poverty and are guilty of courting their admiration. For all the time we are deeply proud of having come through so much and of putting up with so little for so long. We still have the grace, I think, to blush when all this is said too loud.

Pottering

My way to the back exit always leads me through the china department. I must not linger long there today, for the lunch hour is nearly up. But what a fall is there! All the world knows that Britain can make china, none more workmanlike, more sound for everyday use, more beautiful whether for the kitchen or the cabinet. All the world—or the half that is the United States—still seeks it and is getting it. What our friends are getting I saw with my own eyes in one of the most renowned potteries in the 'Five Towns' which I visited

last week. The grand old patterns which first came from Chinese or English designers to our kitchen dressers and dinner tables more than a century ago, are coming out still—in crates for America. I saw them being printed, being painted by hand, being glazed, being piled in the kiln for firing or on the floor for packing. And I saw, behind the modern short cuts for mass production, the traditional craft descending through the fingers of families from generation to generation, a skill, a pride, some touch of the craftsman's deep content, as a girl touched in the colours of the old English flowers on a jug with an unerring brush or a man slipped a bowl through the liquid glaze, not too much nor too little, by the 'feel' in his practised hands.

There is little enough of all this on the shelves in the great store today. Most of what you find is 'seconds', pieces with flaws of shape or colour which would not have reached these shelves at all before the war, perhaps never left the pottery. There are just a few bits here of hand-thrown potter's work, but how merely 'arty' they mostly are and at what a price! For the rest, an array of flimsy plastic vessels in horrid colours has to do duty for good English glass. White utility teapots (honest enough but how dull!) are your only wear, unless you can face the expense of ornament which, at its worst, reaches an 'all-time high' (outside the stalls of a showground) for horror. The retailer is doing his best, but how are the mighty fallen!

Way Out

Now we are through the swing doors into the street. On the last lap back to the office this lunch hour I am fumbling for the moral. What does it all add up to? The beauty and the pride in much of our manufacture is overlaid today by mass-production. This cannot be otherwise if our crying needs are to be satisfied within the limits of our income. We cry for so many things we have missed so long, not only essentials (as we used to think them before we learnt to do without) but the toys of life. Some essential—like meat when Argentina breaks her bargain—may still be withheld, but the toys are there again. And for the moment they are

apt to be cheap toys, not cheap in price but far too cheap in quality of workmanship and design. A pre-war standard of taste, never very high, is woefully sunken, and if you allow yourself to dwell upon this you will be tempted to despair. The jam of true culture, you will say, once spread so thick for a few, has now been turned into bread and scrape for the many; the rich savour of it is gone and cannot return. We live (you will go on, a bit sententiously) in an age of headlines and 'Smatterbooks', in which people turn knobs to have a tune, no matter what, and idly watch miles of celluloid spin past in the hope of getting a laugh or a shudder, an age in which... Enough of that: pipe down!

Immortal Craft

British craftsmanship is very far from dead, although it is hard pressed in many directions and its integrity is daily threatened. In this great store you can still buy (if you can afford it) many things finely designed and beautifully made. This very lunch hour, being alone at my filling station, I lingered a little over a fascinating article in the April *Strand Magazine* on 'The best Car in the World'. Here is the story of Frederick Henry Royce, an engineer with "a holy zeal for mechanical perfection", a man who "in different circumstances might have led a religious revival" but whose pure passion for machinery led him once to say "You can't be an engineer and still go to church." He died, worn out by work, in the year that Hitler came to power and began to undermine our civilisation, but his uncompromising ideal of craftsmanship continues and the Rolls-Royce car or aero-engine still holds its place supreme in the world's transport.

The crafts change with the ages but their spirit need not die. The old horse-keeper holds a spanner now; the ploughman's team against the sky-line, as grand a symbol as any of faith and hope, gives way to a snorting tractor, but the furrows are still driven straight. The seaman is no longer a sailor—and with that change the loveliest thing that man has ever made, the full-rigged ship under sail, has become a memory—but he still pits his immortal craft, whether by steam or diesel-oil or, tomorrow, by atomic power, against

his dear, unrelenting adversary, the sea. You cannot cheapen the standard of elemental work: if you do, you die.

Last Lap

The last lap is bringing us to where Toc H Headquarters stands, with its slightly comic air of old-fashioned pride, at the next corner. The lunch interval is over: we must hurry now. Where does Toc H come into the argument? I would that, in our multifarious work and ways, every member among us were some kind of a craftsman. It may well be that the hours of our daily wage-earning leaves us little room for it or none at all. (I am deeply conscious of being one of the lucky ones, for all my life the very ancient craft of weaving words has been mine, though I am scarcely yet out of my apprenticeship). But all of us live also outside our working hours. Let us not rest, in the sense of fussily doing nothing, in our leisure. There is the golden hour for a craft—it may be no more than making exact the mitre of a picture frame; it may be household woodwork or a model aeroplane, painting a picture, acting a part or playing the piano; it may be the blessed art of gardening, which is a test both of body and spirit, man pitted against frost and slug. It may be the social arts of football or running a boys' club. These be all mysteries by which a man is challenged, from which he can only wring the high secret by the faithfulness of his own effort. Frederick Royce, the engineer, brought into his home Eric Gill, the religious artist, to carve over the mantle-piece "Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble." That is the simple, austere rule of all true craftsmen. It marks the difference between jobbery and job-mastery.

The essential, life-giving fact about craftsmanship is that it makes a man a creator. No longer content to sit and be spoon-fed, as our restless age at every turn tempts us to be, he sets out to discover his own powers, learns to handle his tools, builds a semblance of the perfection imagined in his mind, falls far short and tries again. Unwitting perhaps, he joins forces with God the Maker, who also knows the unending failures as well as triumphs of creation but is never dis-

couraged in His great experiment. If a man realises and constantly recollects this high privilege, the work of his craft is akin to prayer. And if—

But here we are at the door of H.Q. I am already mounted, as you see, most patient reader, upon my hobby-horse, and on his back must put behind me the three flights of stairs that will bring me to my office table. Thank you for the courtesy with which you have come so far with me. Goodbye till next time. B.B.

Seven Years After

On May 31, 1942, the troopship Andes, now once more a liner on the South American run, began one of her voyages from this country to the Middle East theatre of war. Among those on board was W. S. ('GEORGE') DAY of Streatham Branch, who helped to form a group of Toc H among the troops on the voyage and became its Pilot. On arrival at their destination the members, belonging to various regiments, were dispersed to their units but in many cases carried Toc H with them into the war-time Circles in the Western Desert and elsewhere. Reports of such groups on board the Andes on this and other voyages, as well as other troopships, reached us at home (see for instance, the JOURNAL of June and July, 1942, and October, 1943). GEORGE DAY now calls his old comrades of seven years ago.

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR my thoughts go flashing back to May 31, 1942, when the *Andes* sailed from Liverpool with a full load of troops bound for parts unknown. I remember it for several reasons. We sailed on my Mother's birthday, also I wondered if I'd come back, but chiefly because I met some other Toc H members and between us we formed the *Andes* Toc H Group, spontaneous and unofficial. That story has been told several times and it all happened seven years ago. During the voyage the names and addresses of fifty chaps were entered into a diary and a note book, but these were lost and, though some chaps have kept in touch, we are a mere handful compared with the original fifty plus

the members of all the *Andes* Group offspring. Occasionally a name is mentioned and another address is added to the list and fresh contact is made.

I wonder how many others think back, as I do and remember the love and kindness and enthusiasm of that



A Toc H group on a Troopship in 1942.

time? The exciting work which followed of carrying on Toc H units under all sorts of war conditions? How serious we were, and how gay! How determined! Do they remember the obstacles which were overcome under very difficult conditions? Do they remember how we kept in touch with each other, and how we tried to meet each other when on leave or 'just passing through'?

The spirit of Toc H manifested itself in divers ways and places in that time. I am sure that none have really forgotten; more than likely they have been trying to find the others. I think that the spirit of that time, which we carry within us, is needed as much now as it was then and I'd like to ask those chaps a question. What can the *Andes* do for Toc H today?

I think we should try, each in our separate ways, to get down to it as we used to do, even though we are tied down by all the commitments of civilian responsibility. Nothing was too hard for us then; is it so now? I feel that we should try a revival of the spirit rather than spend lots of time in arranging a reunion. We set out in 1942 to sow the seed of Toc H in Army units and we did it to some extent; can we carry that on in home conditions? In any event those of us who are in touch would like to hear from all of the others if they can be reached. Those who read this may care to help by speaking about the *Andes* journey which began on May 31, 1942 (the date is important because there were other *Andes* Toc H Groups at other times). Someone may remember and mention a name or two, and, if they do, will you please say that news can be obtained through the JOURNAL or the writer (W. S. Day, 8 Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2)?

If there be some who have held back from Toc H because they are too busy, may I suggest that one excellent way of keeping within the Family is to become a Toc H Builder or a Builder member?

W.S.D.

Poperinghe Pilgrimages

Owing to the small number of applications received for the proposed Whitsuntide Pilgrimage and to the difficulty of obtaining Belgian francs it has been considered advisable to cancel it. It is hoped however, that sufficient applications will be received to justify the August Bank Holiday Pilgrimage. Would-be Pilgrims should apply immediately to a Bank or Travel Agency for the necessary forms to enable them to obtain the authorisation for a moderate supply of francs. Five pounds' worth should be ample for the three days but those intending to prolong their stay in Belgium should apply for proportionately more. Hotel costs in Belgium are much the same as in England during the holiday months, and Pilgrims are free to stay on in the Old House should they wish to do so, the cost of accommodation, and meals (at the neighbouring Skindles Hotel) being about £1 per day (francs 176). Passports are essential.

Punch House

NO TOC H HOUSE has had a more chequered career than Mark III in London. Its first home was 148 York Road, Lambeth, a big, grimy house standing mid-way between the palatial County Hall of the L.C.C. and Waterloo Station. This had served as the vicarage of St. John's, Waterloo Road, one of the churches built to commemorate Wellington's victory, and was clearly designed for the days when a parson was expected to have a quiverful of a dozen children. Vicars a hundred years later, when the incomes and families of the clergy were less liberal, found such a place a burden, and one vicar, Jack Woodhouse (now Bishop of Thetford), being a member of Toc H, contrived our tenancy of the house, while he lived further up the street in a far more modest one.

The First Mark III

The opening of Mark III in 1921 was announced in the old *Toc H News Sheet*; it coincided with the publication of the first number of that gestetnered forerunner of this JOURNAL. There we are told of its opening on May 21, "the exact date on which three years ago the House in Poperinghe was closed temporarily by the order of 2nd Corps"—and thereby hangs one of the *Tales of Talbot House*, as readers of that book know. It stood "opposite a neo-Gothic building now consecrated to the storage of Wrigley's Chewing Gum", which was actually the church hall of St. John's. Before long, when chewing gum was no longer reckoned a munition of war, this building was derequisitioned and at least one notable Guestnight of Mark III was held in it. Meanwhile the *News Sheet* of May, 1921, announces that "no official Guest Night will be established". We shall see in a few moments how happily that rule has been broken.

This first Mark III in Lambeth was colonised from the first Mark I, then in Queens Gate Gardens, Kensington. Harry Willink, later to be Chairman of Toc H and nowadays Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, moved across the River as Warden. His Deputy Warden was that immensely vague and lovable saint, Siddey Hoare, who followed a favourite room-mate to the new house. Sam Pickles, a 'character' at Mark I who afterwards went on to the professional stage, came with them as Steward. It was a good start.

For nine years, with various fortune, the House in York Road went on, until, in March, 1930, its career as a Mark ended and its hostellers dispersed to other London Houses or the wider world. At the same time Toc H Headquarters, after four years in Queen Anne's Gate, moved in and camped there for six rather twilight months until their new premises in Francis Street, Westminster, were ready. By now the house itself was on its last legs and already condemned to be pulled down, as shortly afterwards happened. It had occupied a corner of the great site upon the South Bank of the Thames at present being prepared for the 1951 Festival of Britain, upon which, not many years ahead, we hope, the new National Theatre is to stand.

Mark III Reborn

Mark III might seem dead but you couldn't make it lie down. Five months after its demise in Lambeth it rose again in Hackney, once more in vicarage premises grown too large for a modern vicar. On September 18 Sir Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*, declared the House open. He stood in the 'Punch Room', the big lounge, and made a genial speech. Then he lighted the 'Punch Lamp', dedicated to the memory of F. H. Townsend, one of his best artists, recently dead, and spoke the words of 'Light' He was to come there often again to sit among the delighted hostellers, talking gaiety and wisdom, until he himself passed on.

Ten years after that, in 1940, the House, again empty, was heavily blasted by bombing. At the end of the war its weatherproof rooms were in use for storage of Toc H posses-

sions, furniture collected from other Houses or Services Clubs, and the upper floors were sufficiently reconditioned to make temporary homes for some homeless members of our staff. Now the whole building is spick and span again and is once more Mark III, reborn with a new team and also a new name—'Punch House'.

The 'Punch' Tradition

For the old tradition of a living tie with *Punch*, so happily made in Sir Owen Seaman's reign, was renewed in good style on April 5 this year. The evening really began at Forty-two, Trinity Square. There a small company had assembled in that wonderful underground room, one boundary of which is the stone rampart of the Roman Wall of London, waiting to receive the guests of the evening. This company included two senior members of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, to which Tubby is Chaplain (he has lately returned from a tanker-voyage to the Persian Gulf), two representatives of the Billingsgate fish-porters, who are firm friends of All Hallows, an American colonel in uniform and his son, and a few plain members of Toc H, from H.Q. staff and otherwise.

There was a clatter on the steep stairs and Tubby led down the guests, who lined up, a little stiffly for one moment and one only, facing their hosts for the introduction. This was done by Mr. Allan Agnew, the proprietor of *Punch* who presented in turn "the boys", as he called them—'Fougasse' (Kenneth Bird), only a weekend old as the new Editor, H. F. Ellis (Assistant Editor), E. H. Shepherd, A. B. Hollowood and A. D. Keown.

Buffet supper soon had guests and hosts well mixed. Then a large-scale map of riverside London was unrolled and Tubby launched into one of his delicious and romantic essays on the story of Tower Hill. He followed this up with a demonstration of the Roman Wall, in whose presence they stood.

Meanwhile in the House at Hackney things were going fast and merry. The hostellers had devised and hung over the front a new illuminated sign, 'PUNCH HOUSE', which, said

the Warden, had drawn enquirers from the street at intervals to ask if there was still "standing-room in the two-and-three-pennies". One hosteller that very afternoon had finished a design upon the new paint of the entrance archway, Mr. Punch, as on the famous cover of his paper, on one side, with Dog Toby upon the other—"better than our cover", said Fougasse when he spotted it, "even if that's not saying much". A real 'Pearly King', submerged, save for his rosy coster face, in pearl buttons from the hem of his trousers to the crown of his bowler hat, stood on the steps to welcome the guests. And in the 'Punch Room' a super Punch and Judy show was in progress. This was no child's play for a drawing-room audience, for a ring of small Cubs, belonging to the troop run by Mark III hostellers, sat upon the floor in front, cheering Punch's victories and defeats and shouting the answer to questions he put to them in his squeaky voice.

Guestnight

In the midst of it all the visitors filed in. They were charmingly welcomed by the Warden (his name is Bernard Shaw), who then called on the Jobmaster to parade his men. So the guests heard first-hand from one voice after another a few words about some of the work in progress—the children's holidays, the transport of hospital patients, the Scouts and Cubs and so on. The Pearly King sang a real old-time ballad of his Liz, and then Barkis was called upon to say a little about the original Mark III. He opened with a personal reminiscence of fire-watching with Fougasse in 1940, when that bold air-raid warden had greeted a dirty night with "How jolly—quite like old times!"—fit enough motto, it seemed, for the guest night in hand. There followed a legend of Tubby's dress trousers, relayed from Lady Byng on a Mark III guest night at Wrigley's, and a tale, in Tubby's writing, of Siddey Hoare. Siddey, like Harry Willink, had commanded a battery in the Ypres Salient, and the two mottoes of the Royal Regiment of Artillery would serve Mark III well enough: *Ubique*, 'Everywhere', might stand for the Mark III men now wearing its tradition all round the world and *Quo fas et gloria ducunt*, 'Where right and

glory lead'—the right for which the House stood and the glory that might or might not come to it.

Then there were two short ceremonies. The first was the handing over of a little tablet in memory of Owen Seaman, "who led Toc H to *Punch*", by Fougasse to the Warden with a charming little speech. The second was 'Light', taken by the youngest hosteller, in Scout uniform. Then Tubby conducted Family Prayers, the tea and cake came round and the visitors rambled round the House with their hosts before returning to the cars which waited in the wet street. Before they went they were emphatic that this was not to be the last time. For *Punch* and Toc H had found each other again and liked the partnership too well to let it lapse.

Placing the Displaced

For this article on European Volunteer Workers we are indebted to Mr. A. E. MONKS, C.B.E., J.P.

OWING to the necessity for increased home food production during the war years it became imperative to recruit extra workers to the agricultural industry and to establish hostels throughout the land to house them—many in very remote areas.

In the early days of the war these hostels were mainly occupied by members of the Women's Land Army and conscientious objectors. A few were occupied by European refugees and as the war developed camps and hostels were established by the War Department for prisoners-of-war, many of whom did agricultural work. At the close of the war the membership of the Women's Land Army fell, conscientious objectors gradually returned to their normal civilian occupations and, except for a few thousand volunteers who elected to remain in this country, the prisoners-of-war were repatriated. Our food problem, however, remained owing to grave world shortages and it became necessary to enrol other workers to fill the hostels.

Some thousands of 'displaced persons', *i.e.*, workers who had been torn from their homes and put into forced labour and internment camps in Germany, were recruited for agricultural and other essential work in this country and became known as E.V.W's (European Volunteer Workers). Among them are Esthonians, Lithuanians, Latvians, Yugo-Slavs, Slovaks, Ukranians, etc., and, in addition, volunteers from the Polish Resettlement Corps have been recruited. They comprise professional men and women, artisans and peasants who cannot return to their own countries owing to political difficulties.

Some hostels are occupied by workers from Ireland and others by men recruited in the 'development' areas of Tyneside and Merseyside, and from among ex-miners in South Wales who are suffering from silicosis and pneumoconiosis. In addition certain hostels are set aside for occupation by agricultural trainees accepted under the Government's training scheme.

Difficult Problems

At the present time there are approximately 650 male and 400 female agricultural hostels in England and Wales. In some counties they are managed by County Agricultural Executive Committees and in others the management has been passed over to agencies such as the Y.M.C.A., although the Committees retain ultimate responsibility. They vary in size from ten to over 200 occupants. The housing and employment of such large numbers of workers of all kinds and varying nationalities must, of course, present a difficult social and welfare problem. So far as the W.L.A. members are concerned the problem was successfully tackled in the early days of the war and social and welfare services are well established. It is fairly easy to deal with hostels of British male workers as there is no language difficulty, although in some cases a great deal of patience, perseverance and understanding is necessary to effect the change over from urban to rural conditions of life. It is the foreign workers who present the most difficult problem.

Most hostel workers are employed by County Agricul-

tural Committees and are hired out to local farmers. The Government wishes these workers to be absorbed into the British way of life and it is hoped that they will eventually all take up private employment since the intention is to maintain C.A.E.C. employment only as a temporary expedient. In fact, some have already done so. Some have their wives in this country working in hospitals, etc., and in the textile industry. It is highly desirable that husbands and wives should be settled together in homes of their own but this presents another grave social problem in times of housing shortage. British workers who have been waiting for a house for a long time would naturally resent new houses being let to foreign workers. It has, however, been possible to get a few families settled in farm cottages and, in addition, some single men have taken private jobs to 'live in' or have obtained lodgings locally.

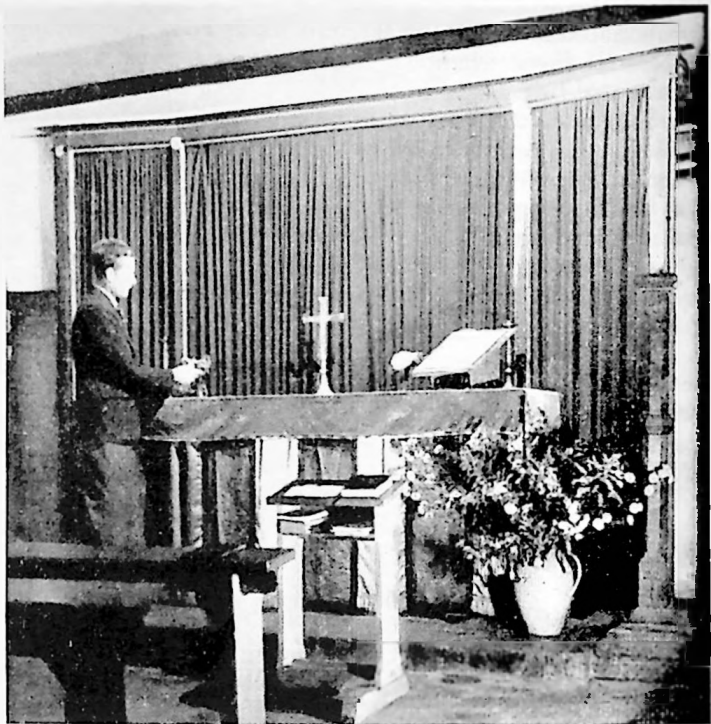
Welfare

But there is still a big hostel welfare problem. This has been accentuated by the fact that many of the hostels—particularly those accommodating E.V.W's—had to be provided at short notice and it was not possible to have them all up to a high standard and fully equipped at the time the workers moved in. Substantial improvements have since been made but the general conditions at the start were not very favourable from the point of view of welfare. To help over the settling in period, official grants are made to supplement the workers' own efforts towards welfare work in all hostels. The conditions attaching to the grants are sufficiently elastic to allow for the purchase of pianos and other musical instruments, sports equipment, books, linguaphones, etc. The funds are administered by the C.A.E.C's through County Welfare Committees composed of representatives of the C.A.E.C's, Hostel Residents' Committee, Ministry of Labour Welfare Officers, members of trade unions and employers' organisations, etc. In addition, committees may co-opt members of other organisations such as the W.V.S., British Legion, Toc H, etc. It is the function of Welfare Committees to provide for the spiritual, mental, moral and physical well-

being of the workers and to assist in their religious, social, educational and recreational activities. They can arrange talks, films, social evenings and visits to places of interest.

So far as British workers are concerned, it is fairly easy to arrange such activities once the right spirit has been established in the hostels. With foreign workers it is much harder owing to the difficulties of language. It is Government policy not to segregate workers according to nationality as this would tend to build up little "nationalist" colonies and would retard the objective of absorption in the British way of life. In some hostels there are workers from four or more different countries. The warden is usually British and his assistant is an E.V.W. who can speak English as well as one or more other language and who acts as interpreter. Every effort is made to encourage foreign workers to learn to speak English. The results vary from hostel to hostel as indeed does the response to the efforts of Welfare Committees on the social and recreational side. In some cases the response has been extremely good and the workers have taken part in local sports and social activities. Some hostels have their own little dance bands and choirs and they hold socials, etc., to which local people are invited. At one hostel recently a social evening was held at which the local village amateur dramatic society performed two playlets, a nearby Y.M.C.A. choir rendered musical items and the E.V.W. dance band provided music for dancing. A buffet supper of unrationed food was provided and paid for by the hostel workers. This, of course, is the ideal as it creates the right atmosphere and contact necessary to encourage foreign workers to settle down to our way of life. Unfortunately not many hostels have got to this stage and there is a great deal yet to be done. It must be remembered that most of these foreign workers suffered untold hardships during the war years and possibly many of them are still embittered. Any help by local people and organisations would be welcomed to assist them to a new way of life. There are, of course, national welfare organisations from most of the countries involved but it is local contact and human understanding which are likely to have best results. Can Toc H members help?

A.E.M.



The Chapel, Mark XI, Leicester.

The Mark helps itself

The picture opposite hails from Mark XI, Leicester. Those who know this House will remember its beautiful Chapel in the basement and may well have noticed that it was suffering much from damp. The trouble lay at the foundations of the House, and the builder's estimate to put it right by renewing them with reinforced concrete came to £170. The hostellers therefore resolved to tackle the job themselves; it occupied three months and every one of them took a hand in it. To start with, they had to excavate to a depth of 12 feet, and the photograph, taken in November last year, shows some of them at this work. On the garden level are seen the Warden on the left, a probation officer in the centre and the Deputy Warden on the right. Among those in the trench the one wearing a jacket is a 'Bevin boy', well accustomed to digging at close quarters. Well played, Mark XI!



Multum in Parvo

✠ The Central Executive has appointed FREDERIC JOHN THOMSON, of Largs Branch, Ayrshire, for twelve years a member of the Scottish Executive, to be a Vice-President of the Association until 1951.

✠ The JOURNAL presents its humble apologies to Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON FYFE for having described him (April issue, p. 129) as late Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrew's University—an inadvertence, of course, for ABERDEEN University. A Scottish correspondent properly reminds the Editor that this puts "the trivial mistake of confusing Oxford and Cambridge" into the shade.

✠ The Service of Renewal of the North Aisle of ALL HALLOWS will be held on Thursday evening, July 14. TUBBY invites members to make pilgrimages to All Hallows on July 11, 12 and 13.

✠ The Rev. E. J. ('TED') DAVIDSON, who came from Australia to be Manchester Area Padre in 1926-28, and has since been at Bathurst, Carcoar and Sydney, New South Wales, lands in England in July and will be assisting Tubby at All Hallows for six months.

✠ A SERVICE arranged by Toc H in New South Wales will be broadcast on Sunday, June 12, at 9.30 a.m. Eastern standard time, from the Sydney stations 2FC (610 Kcs., 492 metres) and VLH (19.70 metres). The preacher will be Major-General the Rev. C. A. OSBORNE, C.I.E.

✠ BARKIS will be leaving England with Mrs. BARCLAY BARON in the autumn to visit their two sons in East Africa. From there Barkis will travel to Rhodesia and South Africa. As the Editor does not write these notes, it can be said that Toc H in Southern Africa hails this visit with great delight.

✠ LES WHEATLEY is leaving Headquarters and joining WYATT JOYCE in the London Office at 42 Trinity Square, E.C.3, where he will be responsible for the administrative work of the five London Areas.

✠ A. S. GREENAGRE ("GREENO") is now Southern Area Secretary, based on Southampton. DOUGLAS PRESTON has moved from there to become Headquarters Secretary.

✠ At THE ROYAL SHOW at Shrewsbury in July, Toc H will be co-operating with the Y.M.C.A. in providing rest and refreshment for the herdsman and stockmen, especially from 10 p.m. to 8 a.m. Volunteers are needed from July 2 to 9 and are asked to offer their services now to Reg Staton, Allendale, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.

✠ The next issue of the JOURNAL in June will include a report of the Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL on April 23/24.

The Elder Brethren

BORDER.—On February 3, THOMAS ERNEST BORDER, aged 28, a member of Goxhill Branch. Elected 20.5.'41.

DARLOT.—In February, at Melbourne, ARTHUR JAMES DARLOT, aged 50, formerly House Steward of Mark VII. Elected 4.3.'37.

DRYDEN.—On March 17, JOHN S. DRYDEN, aged 47, a member of Jedburgh Branch. Elected 14.5.'47.

LEWIS.—On March 5, AUGUSTUS C. LEWIS ('BUNNY'), a member of Blackpool Branch. Elected 27.7.'27.

MILLAR.—On March 9, RICHARD MILLAR, J.P., a member of Hemel Hempstead Branch. Elected 7.6.'34.

NEWTON.—On March 28, JIM NEWTON, for some 25 years Steward of Toc H, Mark II (C), Toronto, Canada.

RAPSEY.—On January 8, FRANK HENRY RAPSEY, aged 65, a member of the Stapleton Branch. Elected 31.1.'42.

SAMMERS.—On March 11, ALBERT E. SAMMERS, aged 67, a member of Dartford Branch. Elected 25.3.'48.

TEAL.—On February 27, ARNOLD JOHN TEAL, aged 48, Chairman of Rawalpindi Branch, Pakistan. Elected, July, 1946.



الخيم الصيفي للاولاد الفقراء

Arabic reads, "as any schoolboy would be whipped for not knowing", from right to left, so that our title in English letters runs PMAC REMMUS SYOB ROOP, or if you want to be pedantic, POOR BOYS SUMMER CAMP.

IT is always gratifying to watch a job proceeding well in other hands which, but for Toc H, might never have been initiated. A welcome example of this comes to hand in the Report for 1948 of the camp for poor Syrian boys, run by students of the American University of Beirut. To appreciate this it is necessary to go back a few years and to a story which was told in more detail in the JOURNAL of February, 1946.

It all began, three years before that, with a naval member of Toc H, 'Jock' Todd, who took fifteen Beirut boys into the mountains of Lebanon for the first real holiday of their lives. Jock's service then carried him elsewhere, and the Army in the person of Signalman Cyril Rofe, a member from Kent, took over. In 1944 Cyril took sixty boys to camp, in 1945 no less than 167, in batches extending over a continuous three months. His service in Syria then came to an end and he had to leave "the good thing thus begun" in other hands.

It is important to realise, first, who the campers were, and still are. In part they come from a Scout Troop or from a Sunday School, but many are the wandering, neglected youngsters, nobody's children unless they get into jail, who are to be found in every Eastern city. Some of these Cyril picked up in the streets, others he dug out by visiting their homes, in one of which he found the lad living in one room with seventeen others. And then we must note how the few Toc H men on the spot set to work to get help. By personal

canvassing among commercial firms in Beirut they raised a fund; a small grant from the Syrian Government added to it. Manpower to run the camp was their next problem, for service men could not expect enough leave to be always there. A few Syrian members of the Students Social Union in the American University of Beirut came forward; they were quite inexperienced in camping or managing boys but they willingly gave part of their vacation to the job. At the same time the Army authorities, becoming aware of the job in hand, turned up trumps. The Brigadier made the loan of Army equipment, transport and rations possible and himself visited the camp twice; Cyril's C.O. in the Royal Corps of Signals relieved him of all other duties for three months in 1945 to run the camp. This was more than Toc H had any right to expect.

And so the experiment was made, and succeeded, upon a glorious site in the village of Naba' as-Safar, thirty miles from Beirut and in full view of the Lebanon and its famous cedars beloved of Solomon and Isaiah. The routine of the camp, much like that of any boys' camp at home, need not be described here. It well repaid all the trouble.

The JOURNAL article three years ago ends: "Goodwill is not lacking in Beirut; local residents and business firms can provide the finance. But will the drive and competence be found to match it now the Toc H Circle is no more?" The Report for 1948 answers that question emphatically in the affirmative. "The Civic Welfare League of the American University of Beirut and of the Protestant Student House", it says, "are preparing for the seventh season of practical service to the underprivileged boys". In 1948 all efforts were bent to serve those from the Palestinian refugee camps. In August, for instance, five student volunteers, led by a sixth, looked after forty of these boys, between the ages of seven and twelve, not only feeding them well and teaching them games, but giving them some schooling and spiritual training. They have been able to improve the equipment since the war years and to introduce some new forms of recreation, as the following paragraph plainly shows:

وقد استوعب بمجهود المهيم : الرياضة البدنية اليومية على أحدث الطرق فكان لكل فرقة من هؤلاء الصغار الفرصة للتنافس مع فرقة ثانية للحصول على الجائزة الأولى ككافة لامتياز تلك الفرقة . وهناك في المناسبات أيضاً لعبة كرة القدم والـ Volleyball و Bowling والرحلات للقرى المجاورة .

So the job goes on and increases. And, after all, the share of Toc H is not forgotten. Kamil Bassila, Chairman of the Poor Boys' Summer Camp, writes to Cyril Rofe: "You are always a good example to us in our work during the academic year and also during the summer . . . We still consider this project as your project for the welfare of the underprivileged boys of this country."

Teachers in Training

IN 1945 there was a shortage of teachers. There is now. The situation has, however, been considerably eased by the Emergency Training Scheme. This provided an intensive residential course of training for suitable men and women, lasting about thirteen months. The candidates were finally selected by interview, and were allocated to one or other of the Emergency Training Colleges scattered all over the country. Castles, orphanages, Army camps were taken over, and the necessary modifications made for study, recreation, and living accommodation.

At a well-known town in the Midlands, called herein 'Carhampton', a large hostel used during the war for civilian workers was so adapted. In spite of attempts by the local squatters to infiltrate and occupy these premises received their first intake of students on August 26, 1946. Three days later the first meeting of the Carhampton Training College group took place. The Ceremony of Light was observed, using an electric torch which had served the same purpose on a home-coming troopship not very long before.

From the outset that sense of comradeship, well known to Toc H, was apparent. We continued to meet weekly, very soon being allowed a room for this purpose. During these early meetings, a rough sort of policy emerged and a programme was mapped out. It was realised that, engaged as we were on a very concentrated course of study, we should not be able to perform any of the social service commonly undertaken by Toc H families.

Our principle aims were :—

1. To maintain the spirit of fellowship peculiar to Toc H.
2. To pass this on to the other College groups, official and unofficial to which our members belonged.
3. To initiate a few suitable men into membership.
4. To send out at the end of the Course, men who would strengthen existing Toc H families, or start new ones.

These aims, with the possible exception of the first, did not become apparent at once, and were certainly not set down formally for twelve months or more.

We numbered seven members and one probationer, while various "types" visited us. A certain amount of mystery surrounded us at first, as George, our Pilot, suggests in his sketch. During our early struggles for a meeting place, for instance, we asked a certain amiable member of the staff for the loan of his tutorial room. He was more than willing, but as I left him, he called after me, "I say, old boy, don't let them burn any incense in there, will you?" What he imagined went on in a Toc H meeting, it is hard to decide.

We had no difficulty in arranging for a series of speakers. Members of both Senior and Junior Common Rooms obliged, to say nothing of various distinguished outsiders. We were a talkative crowd, and on at least one occasion, the official speaker was obliged to postpone his talk: he just couldn't get a word in edgeways.

During this fledgling period, various important looking characters were sent along by the Area Authorities to have a look at us, and possibly to give us some official standing. On November 11, 1946, the Area Chairman and Secretary arrived, bringing with them our much desired Rushlight.



This was dedicated in a somewhat moving little service, conducted by our own Secretary, Harold, on the following week, when we also initiated our first probationer.

The group continued to flourish in 1947. It justified its existence in another way. It organised a couple of Whist Drives, and sent the proceeds to the Area Treasurer, Colin by name, who for this or other reasons proved a good friend. On August 7, three more probationers were initiated.

On August 28, we held our first Guest Night, which everyone felt was quite successful. Somewhat to our surprise, and greatly to our pride and pleasure, our speaker, the Area Secretary, brought with him our Lamp of Maintenance—we were now a Branch! One of our local Padres dedicated this Lamp on the following week. It should be explained that, although the existing Branch was due to break up permanently within a few days, there did exist some continuity of membership. Both Secretary Harold, who lived near by, and myself were available to maintain the Branch amongst the new intake of students. The mysterious powers that move at Area Committees had therefore decided that we were to be up-graded, and very proud we were of our new status. It would be unseemly to wind up an account of our first year without referring to the fearful loquacity of Secretary Harold and Alf, the never failing ebullience of Harold L., the optimism of Jobbie, the sincerity of George, and the fellowship we all found in that good company.

The next meeting of the College Branch took place in November, after the long vacation. The new intake brought us four new members. With Harold and me that made six, and we always had a few visitors, including Peter, one of the previous year's students who had now seen the light, and who lived sufficiently near to attend regularly. It soon became apparent that there was a future for the Branch with its new membership, and very shortly we were able to regard several of our regular hangers-on as probationers.

The Branch, in contrast with the previous year, was now a going concern, and a slightly more business-like approach was noticeable. This was largely due to the revolting efficiency of Steve, our new Pilot and Jobmaster, and of Tom and Bob, our co-secretaries. The programme became three-pronged:—

- Week 1. Toe 11 subject, principally for new members and probationers.
- Week 2. Special theme, lasting for several periods, e.g. "Juvenile Delinquency".
- Week 3. General Topic, e.g. "Picasso", "Walls and Gates of Old Carhampton"; "Recorders", "Teaching Religious Knowledge in Schools".

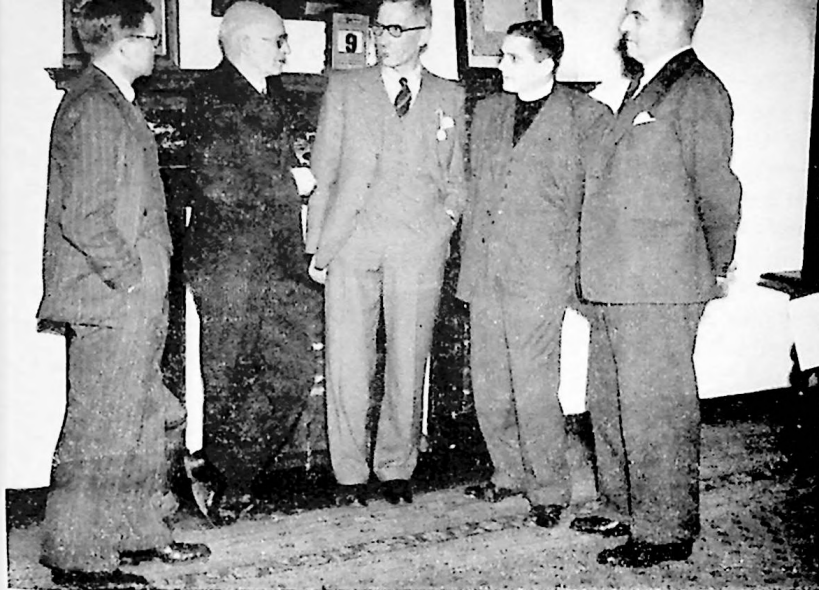
The speakers again included Senior and Junior Members of the College, Toc H District Officials, and such visitors as the City Chamberlain, a Juvenile Court Magistrate, and a representative of B.E.L.R.A. The expert came to the group. On several occasions we moved to a larger room to accommodate visitors.

Mention should be made of Ron. There is no record of him speaking for the first six months of the Course, and it was only by accident that we discovered that it was his practice to return to our meeting-room after we had disappeared, and to sweep and tidy it. I might also risk mentioning Mrs. Friday, whose coffee and cakes were so much appreciated on many occasions during the two years.

On June 15, we initiated five probationers into the brotherhood. Other high lights of the year include our visits to other families, some very excellent speakers, another initiation (a member of the Senior Common Room this time), and, of course, our Guest Night. We thought this was quite good. We were honoured by the presence of a very distinguished member of the College indeed, who delighted us by taking part in the Concert. At this point we ought to say that Toc H in this College owed a great deal to the constant support and sympathy of our Principal. (I don't *have* to say this; I've left!)

This proved to be the last intake of men into the College under the Emergency Scheme. Consequently, our Log for November 31, 1948, is the last. The Lamp has been restored to the Area Authorities, the members have returned to their own homes, and there is no longer a College Branch. Has it all been worth while? With all emphasis, Yes!

The Emergency Scheme is nearly over, but there must be many friends and members of Toc H in our permanent Training Colleges and in the Education Departments of our Universities. Teachers generally have a heavy responsibility; they have it in their power to influence several generations of young people. Our sympathisers among the educationalists are many. Let them proceed to build bravely, and so to further the cause that we delight to honour. FRIDAY.



CONVERSATION PIECE. John Callf, Sir Raymond Priestley, Ralph Biddulph, Rev. Bryan Green and Sir Humfrey Gale.

West Midlands Festival

IN THE impressive, flag-draped Convocation Hall of the Birmingham University, nearly a thousand folk gathered on the afternoon of April 9, to take part in the West Midlands Area Festival. The proceedings opened to the stirring music of the great organ, and if some of the traditional light-heartedness of a Toc H gathering was lacking it was more than replaced by a serious determination to rededicate ourselves to our great task.

The guest of honour was Lt.-General Sir Humfrey Gale (Central Executive), and Toc H Headquarters was represented by the Bursar, Ken Rogers. Among the many welcome visitors and friends were the Dean of Hereford (the Very Rev. Hedley Burrows), the Lord Mayor and Mayoress of Birmingham (Alderman and Mrs. J. C. Burman), the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Sir Raymond Priestley),

the Rector of Birmingham (the Rev. Bryan Green) and Miss Erica Lee, the Midland Regional Secretary of the Women's Section of Toc H.

Fittingly, the Festival commenced with a Service of Thanksgiving, conducted by the Rev. John Palmer, a very old friend and former Toc H Padre in the West Midlands. In giving the address, the Dean of Hereford stressed mankind's present need for a new sense of chivalry and freedom. While both can only be provided by God, much can be done by Toc H in helping to put them into practice.

Service over, we flocked to the Refectory where a buffet tea gave not only refreshment but an opportunity to renew old friendships and embark on new ones. Towards this end the back of the Programme thoughtfully provided space for all present to secure the autograph and address of two people "you have never known or rarely seen before". During this interval, an exhibition of photographs showing the activities of many West Midland Branches attracted much interest.

All too soon it was time to return to the great hall where the West Bromwich Orpheus Male Voice Choir, a number of whom are Toc H members, entertained us with some first-class singing. Then came the procession of banners, and as they passed two by two, shafts of lingering sunlight caught their colourful Branch emblems, making a memorable picture.

After the Lord Mayor had welcomed us, it was the turn of Sir Humfrey Gale to speak and he chose as his theme "Europe today and Toc H tomorrow". He reminded us that we are now passing through the most cataclysmic period of the last 150 years, and that only history will prove whether our efforts to check the strife and enmity, which threaten to split the world, have been successful. In seeking to think fairly and to build bravely, Toc H members are making their greatest personal contribution towards solving present world-wide problems. It is also our responsibility to give the coming generation the opportunities which we ourselves have enjoyed, and the physical courage displayed during the war-years must be matched with moral courage if we are to rise triumphant over the dangers which threaten us.

The Ceremony of Light which followed served to heighten our sense of responsibility, already quickened by Sir Humfrey's talk. Then Colin Campbell, the Area Chairman, had a special word of thanks to say to the Toc H Builders, those very good friends who give such practical support to the work and purpose of our movement. In a few sentences Ralph Biddulph voiced our sincere thanks to all those who had helped to ensure the success of our gathering and then Homegoing Prayers, led by the Rector of Birmingham, brought to a close the 'official' side of the Festival.

While visitors from a distance hurried away to catch trains and buses, others, to whom the night was yet young, lingered and talked as Toc H members always do, and we shall all long retain happy memories of this milestone in the history of Toc H in the West Midlands.

ERIC TIMS (Sandwell Branch).

Over to Japan!

"Those who would settle down to serve Toc H... must realise that they may best be serving it by serving causes which scarce seem connected with the main thrust of our invasive Movement."—TUBBY in the *Birthday Book*, 1936.

SO thought Southgate Branch last year when a call came to it from Japan. Japanese men of business and finance were familiar to many of us in the Bishopsgate area in pre-war days, and some of them, calling themselves the "London Old Boys", now meet in Tokyo and talk over their memories of England.

Mr. Hisaakira Kano was, ten years ago, London Manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank; today in Tokyo he is, among other things, chairman of the Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai, which being interpreted means the Society for International Cultural Relations, and of which the postal address is Kokusai Building, 1-chome, Kyobashi, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

To one of our Southgate members Mr. Kano wrote describing how starved are the educated Japanese of English reading matter. And in *The Phoenix Cup* (1947) John Morris wrote that intellectual and spiritual starvation are by far the worst things in present-day Japan. For ten years the country's cultural isolation has been almost complete—and formerly Japan bought more English books than any other foreign country. The thirst for knowledge is insatiable, and it is said that there are twice as many students in the universities of Japan as there are in the universities of Britain.

And so for many months we in Southgate and the Chase District have kept up a steady flow of newspapers (the real ones, not the comics!) magazines, periodicals, with some books, covering a wide range of subjects—religious, scientific, economic, commercial, household, fiction—anything in fact which we have finished with and which, as Englishmen and Christians, we consider is fairly representative of our country's culture. A steady flow, yes! But a mere trickle compared with the extent of the need. Two libraries have been opened by the Society in Tokyo at which our papers and books are available to the public, and then (if they still hold together) they are sent into the provinces. Our Japanese correspondent writes:—

"The successive arrival of mail from Toei friends is always received with sincere thanks. Your explanation of Toei is very enlightening—the extract will widely be given among our people. I was much interested to read how the behaviour of my countrymen struck the mind of some of your people during the war. We are the more convinced of the need of the cultural work in my country. We shall rightly interpret Western Culture founded on Christianity to our countrymen."

Again—"We have no words to express our thanks for your constant kindness. Our sincere gratitude to you will be carried to heaven, where we hope to meet you some day".

And yet again—"The Listener is full of good statements and articles, and enlightens us a great deal; *Good Housekeeping* gives good suggestions to women readers; *Times* and *Punch*, which do not show any change, make the hearts of those who were once in England so dear and happy".

The picture given to us by Mr. Kano—himself a member of the Anglican Church—of Christianity in Japan today is stimulating, but a long article would be needed to do justice to it. It is fresh in our own memories that three Japanese

bishops came to England for the recent Lambeth Conference, that one of them, with a Chinese bishop, assisted the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Communion Service at St. Paul's which opened the Conference (what a picture of Christian Unity, for those with any memory and a dash of imagination!) and that the Archbishop was presented with a cope and mitre by the Anglican laymen of Japan.

Christians of all denominations in Japan, about 400,000 in number during the war, have now grown to about three millions "including those scheduled for baptism". For this remarkable expansion American missionary effort is chiefly responsible. To Dr. Sherwood Eddy of the International Y.M.C.A. the Emperor said in a recent interview, "As the three ancient religions of Shinto, Buddhism and Confucianism made their contributions to the character and family life of old Japan, so now Christianity must make its unique contribution to the building of the new democratic Japan". Socialist Premier Katayama, who resigned last year, was the first Christian to head a Japanese Government.

The three largest Churches are the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, and the United Protestant. And in Tokyo plans for an International Christian University are being vigorously pushed forward. The Anglican Church has recently started a three-year "national salvation campaign" and has also decided on a twenty-five-year programme of rural evangelisation, by which it hopes to build 1,000 churches to serve 10,000 villages. Clearly here is an immense field for missionary effort, and we in Toc H should certainly wish 'all power to the elbow' of the men who are tackling such a worth-while job—poles asunder as they are from the militarists who have so much to answer for.

A few words from Mr. Kano in conclusion. "We feel keenly that without religious love this kindness of yours cannot be continued. I have read carefully the Bishops' Message from Lambeth, and say 'Amen' to every paragraph of it. I believe that a religious awakening is the fundamental of moral sense, learning, peace, democracy, and everything".

EDWIN WARWICK.

A Change of Climate

We are very glad to welcome a first contribution from GEOFF. MARTIN, our new Overseas Secretary.

IT ONLY REQUIRES a slight knowledge of the world beyond the United Kingdom to be aware of the pitfalls awaiting the man who tries to speak in general terms of matters affecting *Toc H* overseas. And when his up-to-date experience of these affairs is limited to five days as Overseas Secretary in London the whole thing becomes absurd. For that reason I am going to avoid the trap which the Editor unintentionally set for me when he made a request for a short article on *Toc H* in other parts. But it requires no profound knowledge of conditions overseas in 1949, nor of the conditions of *Toc H* in 1949, to appreciate the nature of some of the great question marks hovering over the whole human race. I want to discuss only one of these questionmarks, small enough in relation to the sum total, but big enough to require all the intelligence and imagination and realism which we can bring to it.

Open the map of the world. Starting from West Africa run your eye slowly along the lane roughly covered by the Tropical Belt, eastwards. Within these boundaries lie most of the areas in which, hitherto, coloured men have lived for many years under the control of white men.

Can we read the signs of the times, not as experts but simply as readers of the daily press? Start with the Gold Coast. At Accra a Commission, consisting almost entirely of Africans, is considering the Colony's constitution. Why? Because just over a year ago something happened there that shook the white population to the core by its very unexpectedness—organised rioting, looting and bloodshed. What was the cause? An upsurge of nationalism demanding the removal of British control; not widespread, possibly, but vocal and intensely active. Outwardly things are now calm, but no one has any further illusions about the matter. The writing remains on the wall. On the other side of the continent the writing may not be visible—yet.

Still more to the east, Pakistan, and India. Here the story is familiar; the writing has been rubbed out because it is obsolete. Next, Burma—in the throes of what, civil war? Communist revolution? Malaya, where there were once a flourishing up-country unit at Kuala Lumpur. Again, we need no reminder of events there, whatever their causes may be. Indonesia is the same, so is Indo-China, except that the white men involved are Dutch and French instead of British. And, of course, there is China. Throughout the Tropical Belt are we to expect, now that the shooting phase of the world war is over, that Toc H units will again establish themselves precisely as they were before, subject to the same "Rules of the Road" and with exactly the same philosophy? In ten years' time do we hope for new units at Accra and Lagos, Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa, Colombo, Kandy and Trincomalee, Rangoon and Mandalay, Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, Penang and Singapore, and at Hong Kong? We hope that there will be, and of course some of them are still very much alive now. But what will be their composition?—their racial and facial complexion? What will be their *justification*, and what their *purpose*? These are difficult questions, and it may be that some of us would prefer to push them aside for our children to deal with. But that is, after all, cowardly. Moreover it is silly, for it is no longer within the power of the white races to control such events, to say just when, and how, and at what pace this desire for independence may be allowed to grow. Toc H began in 1915 because the spirit with which Tubby steeped Talbot House was necessary. We believe (and who, being sane, would deny it?) that that spirit is needed as greatly in 1949 as it is likely to be needed in 1959, 69, or 79. No one questions the need. And we all agree that Toc H anywhere must be rebuilt on a Christian basis or not at all.

But for those who are primarily concerned with the countries where coloured men meet white men the urgent question is "What *form* shall it take, that we may commend it with confidence to whoever will be destined to join it?" Without delay let there be a Working Party on Toc H in The Tropical Belt!

G.M.



A MASQUE EPISODE: Members of Leigh Branch as Pilgrim Fathers.

Area Rally in Essex

BOXING, and bathing belles at a 'Toc H Guest Night! What is 'Toc H coming to? But it really happened, and several other unusual aspects made the Rally for East London Area at Southend's Kursaal a little different from the ordinary run of guest nights. Schoolboys and youngsters from a boys' club played an important part in the programme; the presentation of the Rushlight to the new Wickford Group was made an event, and a teetotal Mayor and his wife were persuaded to sing, and enjoy singing, about "a Tavern in a Town".

The Rally, the biggest to be held in Essex, had humble beginnings. In a moment of optimism a hall was booked in the hope that about 200 might attend; in fact nearly 600 members and friends from about forty Branches were there, among them the Mayor to extend an official welcome to Southend and to speak in praise of 'Toc H. There was a service of Praise and Thanksgiving with an inspiring address by Padre J. Marles of Wickford, and music by the celebrated Hadleigh Salvation Army Band.

Alf. Cushings, District Team Chairman, welcomed the guests; Tony Waterfield, Area Secretary, called the roll, and Wyatt Joyce took charge of the singing and had grand support from the choir of Wentworth High School for Boys. Here's a tip: if you want good singing, get the help of a school choir.

"Gobbo" Goodale devised a Masque which dealt with local history events and how 'Toc H challenges had been and are being met. Southchurch unit, for instance, depicted the challenge of Christianity by showing the foundation of their Parish Church, 1,125 years ago; Leigh showed Pilgrim Fathers leaving Leigh on the *Mayflower* for a Gallant Adventure; Southend showed their town as a holiday resort with 'Felix', the great little man of the District, frolicking with bathing belles; Bowers Gifford 'Toc H Boys' Club emphasised the challenge of the Age to Come. These youngsters gave a grand show, in which a three rounds boxing contest was the highlight.

A procession of Lamps and banners led up to the presentation of Wickford's Rushlight by Padre Gilbert Williams, who took 'Light' and gave a vigorous talk.

During the evening a message to the Rally was read from Tubby. He reminded them that Tower Hill lay on the frontier of the ancient Kingdom of Essex, of which the Royal House had founded, in 675, his parish of All Hallows.

"The son and daughter of the King of Essex", he went on, "both became Christians and gave all their powers to the extension and establishment of the Church of Christ. The time has come again when sons and daughters of the new age, which is now to inherit the best traditions of the English race, should put the service of the Church of Christ right in the fore-front of their energies . . . It is obedience to the Christian code which can alone bring peace amongst the nations . . . By the extension of 'Toc H' at home and overseas, and in our Merchant Fleets and in the homes beloved by all these men, the cause of Jesus Christ can be advanced. Unless we want more wars and more disasters, it is indeed high time that there should be a strong revival of the Christian faith in every town and village in the land . . . Here is an old friend's blessing on your work."

For all who came March 24 at Southend will be a night long remembered.